Thou haſt cald me to all theſe bitter names,
Q. Mar. Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.
Q. Mar. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou Sugar on that bottled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly webbe inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poyſoned bunch-backt Toade,
Haſt. Falſe boaſting woman, end thy franticke curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience. (mine.
Q. Mar. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To ſerue me well, you ſhould doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects,
Obſerue me well and teach your ſelues that duety.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Q. Mar. Peace maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young Nobility could iudge,
what 'twere to looſe it, and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue mighty blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh them to pieces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marqueſſe.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high.
Our Aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Q. Mar. And turnes the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas.
Witneſſe my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out ſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe ſoulded vp:
Your Aiery buildeth in our Aieries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Vrge neyther charity nor ſhame to me,

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me ha
And ſhamefully by you
My charity is outrage, lif
And in my ſhame ſhall liu
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O princely *B*
In ſigne of league and a
Now farre befall thee and
Thy garments are not ſpo
Nor thou within the com
Buck. Nor none heere,
The lips of them that b
Q. Mar. Ile not bele
And there awake Gods
O *Buckingham*, beware
Looke when he fawnes
His venome tooth will
Haue not to doe with hi
Sinne, death, and hell, ha
And all their miniſters
Glo. What doth ſhee
Buck. Nothing that I
Q. Mar. What doſt
And ſooth the diuell th
O but remember this a
When he ſhall ſplit thy
And ſay, poore *Margre*
Liue each of you, the ſ
And he to you, and all
Haſt. My haire doth
Riu. And ſo doth mi
Glo. I cannot blame
Shee hath had too mu
My part thereof that I
Haſt. I neuer did h
Glo. But you haue
I was too hotte to do
That is too cold in thi
Marry as for *Clarence*,

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